1 I thus, and thus: if this wil not ſerue, *He ſtabs him.*
Ile chop thee in the malmeſey But, in the next roome.
2 A bloudy deede and deſperately performd,
How faine like Pilate would I waſh my hand,
Of this moſt grieuous guilty murder done.
1 Why doeſt thou not helpe me,
By heauens the Duke ſhall know how ſlacke thou art.
2 I would he knew that I had ſaued his brother.
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I ſay,
For I repent me that the Duke is ſlaine. *Exit.*
1 So doe not I, go coward as thou art:
Now muſt I hide his body in ſome hole,
Vntill the Duke take order for his buriall:
And when I haue my meede I muſt away,
For this will out, and here I muſt not ſtay. *Exeunt.*

*Enter King, Queene, Haſtings, Ryuers, Dorcet, &c.*

*Kin.* So, now I haue done a good daies worke,
You peeres continue this vnited league,
I euery day expect an Embaſſage
From my redeemer to redeeme me hence:
And now in peace my ſoule ſhall part from heauen,
Since I haue ſet my friends at peace on earth:
Riuers and Haſtings, take each others hand,
Diſſemble not your hatred, ſweare your loue.
*Riu.* By heauen, my heart is purgd from grudging hate,
And with my hand I ſeale my true hearts loue.
*Haſt.* So thriue I as I truely ſweare the like.
*Kin.* Take heede you dally not before your King,
Leaſt he that is the ſupreme King of Kings,
Confound your hidden falſhood and award
Either of you to be the others end.
*Haſt.* So proſper I, as I ſweare perfect loue.
*Riu.* And I, as I loue haſtings with my heart.
*Kin.* Madame, your ſelfe are not exempt in this,
Nor your ſon Dorſet, Buckingham nor you,
You haue beene factious one againſt the other:
Wife, loue Lo: Haſtings, let him kiſſe your hand,
And what you doe, doe it vnfainedly.
*Q.* Here Haſtings I will neuer more remember Our



Our former hatred ſo thriue I and mine.
*Dor.* This enterchange of loue, I here proteſt,
Vpon my part, ſhalbe vnuiolable.
*Haſt.* And ſo ſweare I my Lord.
*Kin.* Now princely Buckingham ſeale thou this league
With thy embracements to my wiues allies,
And make me happy in your vnity.
*Buc.* When euer Buckingham doth turne his hate,
On you or yours, but with all duteous loue
Doth cheriſh you and yours, God puniſh me.
With hate, in thoſe where I expect moſt loue,
When I haue moſt neede to imploy a friend,
And moſt aſſured that he is a friend,
Deepe, hollow, trecherous, and full of guile
Be he vnto me, this doe I begge of God,
When I am cold in zeale to you or yours.
*Kin.* A pleaſing cordiall Princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vow vnto my ſickly heart:
There wanteth now our brother Gloceſter here,
To make the perfect period of this peace. *Enter Gloceſt.*
*Buc.* And in good time here comes the noble Duke
*Glo.* Good morrow to my ſoueraigne King & Queene,
And Princely peeres, a happy time of day.
*Kin.* Happy indeede as we haue ſpent the day:
Brother we haue done deedes of charity:
Made peace of enmity, faire loue of hate,
Betweene theſe ſwelling wrong inſenced peeres.
*Glo.* A bleſſed labour, my moſt ſoueraigne liege,
Amongſt this princely heape, if any here
By falſe Intelligence or wrong ſurmiſe,
Hold me a foe, if I vnwittingly or in my rage,
Haue ought committed that is hardly borne
By any in this preſence, I deſire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace,
Tis death to me to be at enmity.
I hate it, and deſire all good mens loue.
Firſt Madam I intreate true peace of you,
Which I will purchaſe with my dutious ſeruice.

Of